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Is It Right?

If you feel yourself insulted,
And are much inclined to fight,
Wait until the question's answered—
Is it right? Is it right?
If you find your feelings peevish,
Willing things to do for spite—
Listen to the voice of conscience,
Is it right? Is it right?
If your parents have forbidden
You to be out late at night,
And you feel like disobeying,
Stop and ponder, Is it right?
When in any sort of mischief
You begin to take delight,
Stop right then and ask this question—
Is it right? Is it right?
—Cumberland Presbyterian.

Things In General, Some Things In Particular.

Our Love Feast A Feast Of Love.—On Nov. 15th, we held our love feast. It was very pleasant, and greatly enjoyed by all. An impression for good was made on some, and they expressed a desire to be with us. The weather was very disagreeable, but we had a good number present. We are now afflicted as a church, quite a number of our members have been sick but are on the road again to health for which we are thankful. We are moving along toward success in spite of all obstacles in the way. Said a little boy as he gathered the sand about his feet: "I have planted myself to grow." We are planted, and I believe we are planted to grow. It is a disgrace to the Tunker church, that her banner has not been unfurled from a hundred spires in this city. What an opportunity for good has been neglected.

Oh For More Of The Same Kind.—Often members of the church are taken sick and the preacher hears nothing of it until they are half well. Then he gets lectured for not having called. They send for the doctor why should they not send for the preacher who would gladly respond. The following words were received on a postal card a few days ago, having been sent to one of the deacons of the church.—"I am down sick with a great deal of distress, will you please ask Rev. Mr. McFaden to call on me as soon as possible as I need the ministrations of the church, and did not have his address." This brother, living at some distance, had the right idea. May his tribe increase, and may you soon recover, Bro. Walton.

Ready For Work.—The convention at Johnstown, appointed Dr. Beachley, Bro. Gans and myself, as a committee on church supply, as I understand it. We are to assist churches that are without preachers to secure pastors, or pastors to secure church work. Now we are organized and ready for work. Any preacher needing work, or any church needing a worker should write to Bro. Gans, and we will endeavor to carry out the idea of the convention. There is room for this kind of work, but we need the co-operation of all. I have corresponded with churches and preachers, or rather, they have written to me, and I have tried to help both, and the very men I have worked the hardest for have not written me a word one way or the other. A preach-

er who is a preacher ought to do better than this, but beloved, we will do all we can for you.

Returned And Passed On.—A good sister says: "Last winter, out of sympathy for the distressed, we cast five dollars 'upon the waters,' last week it was returned to us altogether unexpectedly, and now we purpose sending it out again to help you in getting your book published." The word is always true, bread cast on the water will return again. I am always glad to hear of such incidents, and am also glad that I can be a channel through which the good may be continued. I shall pass it on to some one else, and thus keep the influence going. A ripple may swell into a wave, and on the wave may ride a ship, and in the ship may be precious freight, which when landed may gladden the hearts of many. Cast more bread on the water, and you will catch fatter fish.

Our Bible, Our Church And Our Country.—This book, title of which is copyrighted, will contain from five to six hundred pages, and sell for \$2.75, \$3.50, and \$5.00, according to style of binding. I want to have the plates made and the first thousand copies out as early in the year as possible. This book when on the market will sell, and it will bring us money which we can use for the advancement of Christ's cause. As it is, we are crippled for lack of means. I do not want to be a sponge absorbing the means of the church, but wish to give to the church, but I must have a channel to work, a field to dig, a mine to develop, and that channel or field or mine is in this book line. One hundred men giving me \$10 each would do the work. That book is going on the market, but I would prefer having the help of the church than the world. I am preparing circulars and ask a hearing.

The Power Of A Thought.—Riding in a street car a few days ago, I saw a lady opposite reading a paper. As she read a smile curled around her lips, which was followed by a second and then by a third, until her whole face was a field of ripples, then the smiles fled. The face became sober, and in a few moments the lips quivered, she bit her lip, and twisted her mouth, but it was no use she could not keep back the tear that was coming, it worked out the corner of her eye, rolled down her cheek, and then a whole shower came, and she put up the paper to hide them from others in the car. Hundreds, and perhaps a thousand miles away, some one wrote that article, and it made its way to that woman's heart. There is power in a thought. It may be freighted with love and joy, or grief and pain, it may aid satan or help Christ.

The Dear Little Children.—We have in our church a juvenile choir. Perhaps twenty five boys and girls are members. Some of our folks call it the pastor's choir, and Bro. Jacob Cassel conceived the idea of holding a reception. The night after the lovefeast was

selected, as the tables were all arranged. Bro. Cassel is a flourist, and he had the church decorated with palms and beautiful flowers. The tables were filled with cake and delicious fruit; short speeches were made by the pastor, by Bro. Cassel and Bro. E. E. Roberts, the superintendent. There was music, both instrumental and vocal, and a real good time was had. The young folks seemed to enjoy all that was done to entertain them. It is a singular fact, that very few of our members have children, but I never saw a congregation more interested in children. We have a good school, and I believe good is being done.

That One Hundred Thousand.—Finally brethren do not forget to help, "just a little." We have the second edition of The Story of Jesus from the press. This makes 10,000 copies printed, and no doubt this edition will soon be exhausted. It is quite a load to carry, but I think the point can be reached and the number sold. The plates were costly, the cuts also. Some of them very expensive for a pamphlet of that kind, so that I would urge on agents to F. O. W. U. O. We appreciate all the help we have had, and will work all the more to make the channel through which we are working worthy of the church. The two editions printed so far, makes 800,000 pages. All orders for pictures and books have been filled, if any are overlooked, say so, but do not fill the letter with gunpowder. I shall open my mail bag and show you some of my letters next week. Good by. Do all the good you can, if not in my way, in some other way.
JOHN DUKE McFADEN.

Miami Valley Items.

On account of my regular appointments I could not commence my protracted meeting at the Miamisburg church until Monday evening, Nov. 12th.

I have learned that it does not pay to neglect our regular appointments. There should be no other excuse than utter impossibility. The majority of humanity have not learned to excuse disappointment.

As all our workers in the Valley have all they can do, I could not reasonably ask them to dis-appoint their own congregations in order to save mine from a disappointment. So to keep everything in good working order I had to commence my meetings on Monday, a very unpopular time. During the first week we had to fight the great political excitement. We must say that for all that we had a fair attendance—nay more, I will say, an unusual attendance.

During the second week, we had a little unfavorable weather, but the congregations increased in size and interest very rapidly. So we concluded we would rather fight the weather than political excitement. The former is under the control of God, while I am afraid the latter is under the control of the devil. Therefore it is not to be wondered at that the

Lord was more merciful and consequently we did not have the bitter and unreasonable antagonism when fighting the weather that generally attends political excitement.

I have learned more about politics and its effects upon the human heart during this campaign than I ever knew before. So after the heat of the battle is over, and we can all get back to our natural selves, I will have something to say about it. I would not be a morsel surprised but what I shall trample very heavily on the toes of some brethren—I was going to say some good brethren, and they were good brethren, but when politics struck them their goodness seemed to have vanished, we hope however to return never to depart again.

Well we continued our protracted meeting as long as we were able to continue them. We kept them up two weeks. The result was five accessions. Could we have kept them up another week, it is hard to say what would have been accomplished, as there was an unusual interest brewing.

On account of my long drive on Saturday afternoon and evening I was unable to get to my appointment at Little York on Sunday morning. Having contracted an unusual cold, and being worn out, I felt too sick and sore to attempt it.

On Sunday afternoon our enterprising young Bro. V. E. Wampler came to see what was the matter. Finding me unable to go, he went down to the Broadway church and persuaded our ever-ready-to-help Bro. Kiehl to go along with him to fill the evening appointment, an arrangement which I knew would be acceptable and beneficial to the congregation.

On the Saturday afternoon previous, having heard that our old friend Bro. Brown intended to present his resignation to the Bear Creek church, I was somewhat anxious to be there.

Bro. Brown has been paying ministerial visits to the Valley for the last three years, and I think the greater part of that time he has been pastor of the Bear Creek church.

During his visits and sojourn to the Valley he has accomplished a great work, and has made many good friends. The result of his work will speak louder and more eloquent than anything from my pen. And I could not allow our brother to go without offering a small tribute of praise to the sacrifice and energy he displayed here.

In a pecuniary view his work here was far from being a success, as he lived so far away and his expenses to and fro did not leave him a very large margin. In fact one who did not have the same self-sacrificing spirit would not have undertaken it under the same circumstances.

During the whole year, to save the expense of passage to and from his home, he would remain in the Valley two weeks at a time in each month, so that he

could fill his appointments every two weeks. Knowing how well he loved his home and its comforts, to a man of his strong domestic affections it was no small sacrifice. While some few might not consider the great sacrifice he made, which dollars and cents are not always able to recompense, yet I believe the large majority of the Bear Creek church appreciate his services and are sorry for the circumstances that brought about his resignation.

No matter how much we may lament his departure from the Valley, no one will ever blame him for not continuing to sacrifice. Bro. Brown is getting up in years and cannot be expected to undertake such arduous duties. If all the younger ministers of the Brethren church would sacrifice one half of what our old brother has done even in the last five years, there would be a grand work done.

Wherever our brother may labor or rest in the future, the prayers and good wishes of many friends will follow him. Individually speaking, I truly lament the change of program in his work, as long as he labored in the Valley I always could rely on his assistance and advice. And no one was more welcome to our home than Bro. P. J. Brown, even the children will regret he cannot visit us as often as before.

By the way in reading over the last EVANGELIST there are some little criticisms I would like to offer. I only hope they will be received in the same spirit in which they are made.

I love criticism and discussion when there is only a pure motive of developing truth. This is the only way by which truth can be brought out in her brightest and truest colors. All that we need to do in this, that good may follow, is to remember that we are Christians.

Let everybody be plain and outspoken for what they believe to be truth, but at the same time let us abstain from harsh and unchristian expressions that will wound without convincing.

In the first place then I will commence with our editor, and I feel I know him well enough that he will take it in all kindness.

ELDERS AND BISHOPS.

Before I commence my question, for I can hardly call it a criticism, I must stop to say a word of praise for his courage in speaking so plainly in his article on "Systematic Giving" on first page of last EVANGELIST.

Sometimes it requires a great deal of courage to tell the truth as it is, especially in an editor. In this instance I know it does. Our editor depends largely on the circulation of the paper for his bread and butter. When he makes any one mad by telling a stubborn truth, the very first thing he receives is a card by return mail saying "stop my paper." The person that writes this generally has influence enough to

(Concluded next week.)

E. MASON.